

RURAL LIFE IN CUBA.

A Visit to the Great Sugar Plantations Near Marianow.

GALLANT RAILROAD OFFICIALS.

Courteous Country People and Sweet Voiced Children.

IN THE SHADOW OF THE PALM GROVES.

(CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.)

HAVANA, May 28.—Strictly speaking, Cuba ought to be green, but as a matter of fact it is not. It is a dull, rusty brown, and gives the approaching voyager an impression of barren sterility more than anything else. How it came by its reputation for luxuriant vegetation I do not know, for the suns of all ages must have subjected the land to the same scorching process as that which withers and blights it to-day. One has in one's mind a lurid sky, monstrous masses of tropical foliage, sparkling groves of golden oranges, hanging moss, rare birds of brilliant plumage, with here and there a monkey unattended by an organ grinder, or perhaps an alligator or baby chimpanzee. And instead one sees a low rocky hill rising up out of the water, covered by bald knolls and naked peaks of a brownish green hue, and a clump of palms or lonely Cuba flapping its scant leaves against the gray sky. No birds (except perhaps a stray cow), or alligators, or snakes, or monkeys, or anything original and thrilling. When one gets out in the country, however, the palms multiply and appear in great numbers, and leagues of sugar cane, green as emerald, spread as far as the eye can see.

THE STAGNATE PALM. The palm is the most beautiful tree in Cuba. One cannot look on the tall, stately plant, crowned with its clump of plumed leaves, without vividly recalling Syria and the Nile. Sometimes it stands in groups, sometimes in long shady avenues. The trunks are of a pearly blue, which shines like silver in the light of the sun, and the large fan-shaped leaves present a great variety of elegant forms. Frequently they are flat and broad, and again split into slender filaments. The poor of Cuba use the wood to build their cabins, and the leaves to thatch them. Some of the fibers are made into mats and baskets. The palm is also associated in one's mind with the ancient custom of carrying the branches on occasions of festivity. Thus Christ's entrance into Jerusalem is still commemorated in all Roman Catholic churches, on the Sunday before Easter.

In making a tour of the country of Cuba one invariably spends a day on a sugar plantation. Cuba is the home of sugar. About 30 miles from Havana there is a very large estate where this product is manufactured. The cars which carry the passenger over the intervening line of railroad, are all of American make (neither Spain nor Cuba produces machinery), and are exceedingly well adapted to the climate, being light, airy structures, with comfortable, wide cane seats. There are never more than half a dozen passengers aboard at a time (the Havanas are a stay-at-home people), to the conductor, who is brackened, and for all I know engineer, too, manages to fulfill his several duties creditably. The bell he rings to start the cars is after

the pattern of that affected by cows and to some extent country hotels, who enter to drummers, and have a contract on hand to route them out early in the morning. It is old and worn and cracked and tied together to keep from falling apart.

There is this to be said for the railroad however: It seems to have imbued the good manners of the country. It is by nature and manipulation courteous. Instead of flying past a poor, breathless passenger, who is running at a breakneck speed down hill in a vain hope of getting aboard, it pulls up, stops, waits patiently until he arrives, assists him to mount the platform and does not impose on him an extra charge for being without a ticket. This is what I call true



A Cuban Conveyance.

gallantry in a railway. Of course it does not reach its destination quite as soon in consequence, but it gets there within a few hours of the time due, and this is perfectly satisfactory to the average Cuban, who goes slowly himself and neither expects nor looks for speed in others.

AN ELEGANT TURNOUT. The sugar plantation of the island is altogether a colossal affair. The bare machinery often costs from \$250,000 to \$500,000. Leaving the train at a station called Marianow, one is driven several miles over a road composed of a succession of ruts, qualified to overturn any but the vehicle we have selected, inasmuch as there is nothing about it to overturn or come apart. It is a sort of fast-bound to a ponderous pair of wheels drawn by two sturdy little horses about the size of a full-grown pony. These horses, which one sees on the island, are the smallest, thinnest, weakest looking animals imaginable. They are a rank of bones and where and cough like human consumptives, but they never play out or die. They outlive their masters, defy fate and fortune and go on like the brook forever. When they grow to be veritable fossils they are presented to the "Plaza de Toros," where they are used to fight bulls. We had heard that road-making was a lost art among the Spaniards, and we believed it after a drive along that which led from Marianow. We could have borne it better had our prancing steeds been less spirited, but as it was we speculated mentally the whole way on the probable cost of Ford's extract or amnia, and wondered if our funds would meet the necessary demand.

COUNTRY SCENES. We flew along at such a lively rate that we had only a passing glimpse of the scenes through which we were being rapidly whirled. We occasionally caught sight of a solitary palm, with a group of little naked negroes in the background; a ragged cactus hedge, a lean, hungry pig, a tuft of downy out-house, and squallid, poorly clad women, dirty, lazy, idle, lounging on the broken doorsteps, or sleeping on the bare ground. Thrill, energy, plenty are unknown. Everyone is poor, and reveals it. No one longs to be better off than he is. All are satisfied, self-sufficient, and shiftless.

The lodge of the sugar plantation is usually kept by an aged negro, who opens the gates, and as we pass through invites us to enter his humble dwelling. It is a wretchedly poor habitation, consisting of four partitions of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" as it is called on the red earth. It has neither floor, partition nor window. Like all the provincials of Cuba, the lodgekeeper is a slow spoken, gentle voiced man, who probably never wore a pair of shoes, but whose in-

born politeness prompts him to lift his hat and stand bare headed before us. He is ragged and dirty, but picturesque, and in this case very handsome. When we pass into his poor abode he is delighted. He offers us the only chairs it contains, summons his wife and children and graciously presents us. His kind hospitality, quiet well-bred ease and unaffected manner would do credit to a nobleman of rank and position. There is no politeness as charming as that which is inborn.

THE SUGAR PLANTATION.

One's first view of the sugar plantation once beyond the lodge consists of nothing but fields of thousands of acres of waving sugar cane. Then tall white chimneys loom up in the distance, and finally the "batey" or square, in which stand the buildings, machinery and residences. The first person we meet is a good-looking young fellow with a profusion of reddish brown hair and very bright blue eyes, who greets us to our surprise in English, and whom we learn is the head engineer, and, as usual, an American. We are delighted. So is he. At least he says he is, which amounts to the same thing; for he escorts us over the works, explaining everything as we go.

First we are taken into a huge foundry, which resembles a kind of rolling mill. There is a steaming, smothering engine, emitting an occasional fierce glow of fire, a crowd of bare legged negroes and Chinamen moving about, some shoveling the sugar cane into the ponderous rollers, which crush out the juice, and send it foaming and bubbling down into the great iron kettles, others stirring up the thick dark syrup with long poles, and weird, fantastic movements, or gathering "bagazo," or crushed cane, to be dried in the sun and used as fuel.

THE WORKMEN'S QUARTERS.

Then we are escorted over the negro quarters, which are practically the same as they were before the blacks were liberated. They are well-built, stone-floored structures, encircled by iron gates, which are closed and



On a Sugar Plantation.

locked at a certain hour. The laborers are often clothed and housed as in the days of bondage. I am of the opinion that a great many of them do not know that they are free, or what being free actually is. They have been born on the plantation, as their fathers and grandfathers before them, and they know literally nothing beyond it. They are paid a small sum for their work, and are not driven into their quarters by means of the overseer's whip as formerly; otherwise their condition remains unchanged.

The lonely monotony of the vast stretch of country led us to commiserate with our fellow countryman, doomed to spend the better part of his life in the isolated wilds, among a semi-barbaric people, who did not speak his tongue. But he told us he had become accustomed to the unchanging scene, and was attached to it. Besides it was often broken up by bands of desperadoes, who made it lively enough for all concerned.

We learned that he was always armed, and never wandered about the premises unless accompanied by the ferocious bloodhounds, who set us shivering when regarded chained to the kennels, and reminded us forcibly of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" as it is called on the red earth. It has neither floor, partition nor window. Like all the provincials of Cuba, the lodgekeeper is a slow spoken, gentle voiced man, who probably never wore a pair of shoes, but whose in-

SALVINI AT HIS HOME

Olive Weston's Reminiscences of the Great Italian Actor.

A FAMILY OF GRAND ARTISTS.

Presence of Mind on the Stage Saves a Great Scene.

RISTORI'S MAGNIFICENT PALACES

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.)

"Casa Salvini" is all you have to say in any part of Florence, and the cabman will smile with pleasure and put you down at the great actor's door. When he walks the streets with his princely tread, one would think him a king, a beloved king passing through his subjects; they smile and bow and look upon him with so much respect and veneration "nostro Salvini."

But Salvini says that no country really recognizes art in these days, not even Italy as much as is supposed. Himself, Rostri and Ristori are the only Italian actors who have acquired fortunes, but these have been mostly gained in foreign tours.

He has a splendid house in Florence and a villa on the hills. A glass door opens into a wide marble hall with some parlors at the end—the servant who received your card comes back, he opens the great glass doors, and through a vista of rooms you see Salvini waiting for you in his study.

The house is very plain, and the master has that simple dignity which makes his creations on the stage at once so natural and so majestic. A great simplicity in his photography, and absolutely refuses to sit for an artist. The Emperor of Austria has threatened to send a company of gentlemen to take him and hold him while his court painter transfers him to canvas.

A FAMILY OF ARTISTS.

Some years ago Salvini married an English lady and has a large family of children. All of his children are artists in some way. His daughter often acts in private and has a delightful style, especially in comedy. Alexander, of course, is well known here and steadily advancing in reputation.

Another son is making a great name in Italy, playing his father's roles and declared by the Italians to be his worthy successor. His son Mario, a dark, handsome youth, is a sculptor of great promise; his work is of the extremely realistic school, but shows a dramatic breaking through of tradition, and he has inherited from his father a feeling for powerful expression in gesture. His best work is called "The Strike." A laborer in bronze, clumsy and muscular, has torn up a paving stone and suspends it in the air before hurling it. His work has now the exaggeration of burning youth, but will tone down into something very strong and fine with greater experience.

The Casa Salvini contains a very happy and united family, and Salvini governs it with great dignity. There are few women in the world who would not like to have a lover like Salvini—he is not like the ordinary actor, all affected, sensational and self-conscious in his strongest passion. Salvini has the grand dignity and power, the majestic, colossal, whirlwind-like sweep of emotion, and yet such a grasp on himself, such control, that it makes him seem a man—a god, and one must simply fall at his feet and say, "I am thine, do with me as thou wilt." I stood in the wings one night when he played the "Gladstone," and it seemed to me as he passed me as if he carried with him a magnetism which must sweep all lesser objects to him. I felt as if the breath of flame were in my hair, as if I were being sucked into a

whirlpool, when he stopped and spoke to me with a manner so simple and a courtesy so profound that I felt a queen. Who could withstand such heights and depths?

SAVING A SCENE.

In "Othello" we find especially this union of passion and dignity—how it is revealed in his panther-like walk! In "Hamlet" how sweetly he plays the scholar, in spite of our feeling that his reserve power is too great for the role. In the "Gladstone" all that is grand in man as a human tortured animal is grandest in him.

It is always a question how much an actor should think and how much feel—presence of mind is a great necessity on the stage. A great scene is often ruined if, in the height of passion, when the actor feels most cannot also think. One night while Salvini was playing the dagger scene in "Macbeth" he felt his cloak slipping to the ground. If he had picked it up it would have broken into his acting in a common place manner; if he had let it lie where it fell it would have attracted attention to itself as a bright spot on the stage. Without a moment's hesitation he conceived a piece of action to cover the accident. He shifted with the hero's foot from the touch of an unseen presence; then, glancing nervously around, crouching lower and lower, he suddenly in terror caught it up, wrapping it around his neck, and thought he was playing better than ever.

Fechter had wonderful power of making the most of an accident. He once acted in a play where the grand effect was a vessel sailing across the stage in full sail with the hero standing in the prow. The sea in those days was all blue and green streaked canvas, with a lot of little boys bobbing up and down under it to make the waves. The canvas was very rotten and as the vessel came in full sight all of a sudden a little head bobbed through a hole and was alone on the stage at once so natural and so majestic. A great simplicity in his photography, and absolutely refuses to sit for an artist. The Emperor of Austria has threatened to send a company of gentlemen to take him and hold him while his court painter transfers him to canvas.

SALVINI AS OTHELLO.

Salvini's most criticized work is his death in "Othello." The last act is very exciting and sometimes actors forget their words when carried away by emotion. A provincial actor gave away to such an extent that in the last speeches he could only command the sound and not the sense—a thing which often happens to clever actors, when instead of stopping they fill in with a word of similar length and accent, but sometimes very amusing in the combination. He found himself unstrung, knowing that he did not recollect the words or the lines about "shedding tears as fast as the Arabian tree his medicinal gum," and saved himself with "shed tears as fast as the Venetian trees their Arabian gums."

Salvini was a pupil of the great actor Gustave Moench, who also instructed Ristori and Rostri, but Salvini was the pride of his life. Salvini's repertoire contains more than 200 roles.

In the same city and not far away lives Rossi—if his youth the favorite stage lover of Italy—the greatest Romeo. He is also possessed of great wealth. His house is packed with trophies of his triumphs—crowns of gold, laurel wreaths, daggers and jewels, for his greatest tours have been in Russia and South America, where they love the best of his acting.

Salvini was a pupil of the great actor Gustave Moench, who also instructed Ristori and Rostri, but Salvini was the pride of his life. Salvini's repertoire contains more than 200 roles.

In the same city and not far away lives Rossi—if his youth the favorite stage lover of Italy—the greatest Romeo. He is also possessed of great wealth. His house is packed with trophies of his triumphs—crowns of gold, laurel wreaths, daggers and jewels, for his greatest tours have been in Russia and South America, where they love the best of his acting.

Salvini was a pupil of the great actor Gustave Moench, who also instructed Ristori and Rostri, but Salvini was the pride of his life. Salvini's repertoire contains more than 200 roles.

In the same city and not far away lives Rossi—if his youth the favorite stage lover of Italy—the greatest Romeo. He is also possessed of great wealth. His house is packed with trophies of his triumphs—crowns of gold, laurel wreaths, daggers and jewels, for his greatest tours have been in Russia and South America, where they love the best of his acting.

Salvini was a pupil of the great actor Gustave Moench, who also instructed Ristori and Rostri, but Salvini was the pride of his life. Salvini's repertoire contains more than 200 roles.

In the same city and not far away lives Rossi—if his youth the favorite stage lover of Italy—the greatest Romeo. He is also possessed of great wealth. His house is packed with trophies of his triumphs—crowns of gold, laurel wreaths, daggers and jewels, for his greatest tours have been in Russia and South America, where they love the best of his acting.

Salvini was a pupil of the great actor Gustave Moench, who also instructed Ristori and Rostri, but Salvini was the pride of his life. Salvini's repertoire contains more than 200 roles.

her return to the stage, and even her noble reasons withdrew their opposition in the face of such genius. No actress has ever aroused the social furor which Ristori excited at that time.

A LIFE OF EASE.

Now Ristori simply leads the life of a great society lady—she has wealth—a number of palaces in Rome, servants in livery, carriages and every luxury that appertains to her high position. When Mary Anderson was in Rome Ristori was very kind to her—and frankly admitted her as a fresh, sweet young girl. She never saw her playing, perhaps she desired she could not, for she is rather jealous of new rivals, even though she herself is retired from the stage. She detests Bernhart.

Some time ago, while excavating the cellar of one of her palaces, a fine collection of antique bronzes was discovered. Strangely enough, most of them were of dramatic subjects. They are now in her art gallery.

I heard a young American artist in Paris tell a very amusing story of Salvini. The young artist had lived in a New England boarding house where there was a fat old Yankee widow who had never been to the theater in her life, was a devout church woman, and disapproved of "play actors." She was most severely moral, yet enjoyed scandals, and delighted in reading aloud at the breakfast table the most ample newspaper "revelations," and especially revealed in good divorce trials with "details"—at the same time disavowing them with great severity. It was at the time of some domestic infidelity of Marie Prescott, Salvini's leading lady. The old dame read aloud in full the trial, then turning suddenly on our artist asked:

"Who is this Marie Prescott?"

"O, she supports Salvini," he replied.

"Supports Salvini? what do you mean?" I thought he was very rich. Isn't he that great Italian actor?"

OLIVE WESTON.

Disheveled Drifts. When the stomach disorders the drafts made upon it by the rest of the system, it is soon because its fund of strength is very low. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People is soon begun to pay out vigor in the shape of pure, rich blood, containing the elements of muscle, bone and brain. As a sequence of the new vigor afforded the stomach, the bowels perform their duty with regularity, the liver works like clockwork. Malaria has no effect upon a system thus reinforced.

One Thousand Miles of Transportation and One Week's Board for \$12.00.

The Pittsburg and Cincinnati packet line. Steamers leaving Pittsburg as follows: Steamer Katie Stockdale, Thomas S. Calhoun, Master, leaves every Monday at 4 P.M. Steamer Hudson, J. F. Ellison, Master, leaves every Wednesday at 4 P.M. Steamer Scotia, G. W. Rowley, Master, leaves every Friday at 4 P.M.

First-class fare to Cincinnati and return, \$10.00, meals and stateroom included; or, down by river and return by rail, \$12.00. Tickets good until used.

For further information apply to James A. Henderson, Superintendent, 94 Water street.

I Guess Not, Well, I Guess Not.

After getting married everything goes along swimmingly between husband and wife until he asks her to repair his clothes, which causes her to remark, "Well, I guess not, I guess not." Why not take them to Dickson, the Tailor, of 63 Fifth ave., or Wood st., second floor, who will make them look like new at a trifle? Telephone 1558.

Cottage Furniture.

New patterns that prove more desirable and less in cost than goods offered in previous seasons. P. C. SCHOENBECK, 711 Liberty street.

California Wines.

A full line of California wines at 50c per full quart, and by gallon or case. WM. J. FRIDAY, 633 Smithfield st. WFSU

REMNANT DAY—Attend our remnant sales on Friday for a bargain.

WFSU HUGUS & HACKE.

FOR Tired Brain.

Use Hensford's Acid Phosphate. Dr. O. C. Stout, Syracuse, N. Y., says: "I gave it to one patient who was unable to transact the most ordinary business, because his brain was 'tired and confused' upon the least mental exertion. Immediate benefit, and ultimate recovery followed."

English Cakes—42-in. wide all-wool English suitings that have been selling at \$1.50 now 50c a yd. HUGUS & HACKE. WFSU

I AM selling a fine Key West Havana cigar 5 for 25c; also a Havana coquette at the same price. WM. J. FRIDAY, 633 Smithfield st. WFSU

WORKINGMEN don't buy tickets from agents entitling you to a dozen cab photo's and a frame, but go to Pearson, who will give you the same thing for less money.

CASINO MUSEUM.

WEEK OF JUNE 10.

INNOCENCE ABROAD.

BABY OF THE FLOOD, 6 MILES IN CHADLE.

JOHN E. KLINE'S ALL-STAR LION COMPANY.

12 STARS. 12 Christy Bessie Plinkie, in Wax.

Coming June 24—Julius Verne's "Flying Machine." jeh-35

F. G. REINEMAN—

22 AND 64 SIXTH STREET.

Headquarters for Costumes of all descriptions, for hire at reasonable prices.

mhr-36-se F. G. REINEMAN.

HARRIS' THEATER.

WEEK COMMENCING MONDAY, JUNE 10.

EVERY AFTERNOON AND EVENING.

THE POPULAR YOUNG ACTOR.

N. S. WOOD,

In His Favorite Sensational Drama,

The BOY DETECTIVE

SUPPORTED BY A THOROUGHLY COMPETENT COMPANY.

Car Load of Special Scenery! Startling Mechanical Effects! Played by MR. WOOD OVER THREE THOUSAND TIMES and still always pleases the people.

Next Week—THE BOY SCOUT. jeh-49

PAINLESS BEECHAM'S PILLS.

THE GREAT ENGLISH MEDICINE.

For Weak Stomach—Impaired Digestion—Disordered Liver.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

PRICE 25 CENTS PER BOX.

Prepared by ATTHOS BEECHAM, St. Helens, Lancashire, England.

B. F. ALLEN & CO., Sole Agents

FOR UNITED STATES, 365 & 367 CANAL ST., NEW YORK.

Who (if your druggist does not keep them) will mail Beecham's Pills on receipt of price—but inquire first. (Please mention this paper.)

ALMOS' LIKE YET A SOLID FACT.

GUSKY'S GREAT ANNUAL JUNE SUIT SALE

affords people the chance of getting an elegant suit at a price very little more, if any, than one-half its real value. With this Suit Sale of ours we knock sky-high all former notions of ready-made clothing. We can't say too much, nor yet can we praise these goods too highly. Everything about them—linings, stayings, trimmings—are good and well made and the stock hasn't an equal for size and variety. The values are positively extraordinary. They'll soar far beyond the wildest dreams of the most persistent of bargain seekers. Now what do you have? Why, choice from a large and magnificent stock of suits—not goods bought or manufactured expressly for this occasion—which combine every excellence of the tailor's skill and every perfection of the designer's genius, with the most practical requirements of fashionable and sensible dressers. Suits strong, durable, good to finest qualities; in shapes and sizes to fit perfectly, and mind you this well, made by the best manufacturers in the country. No other house in Pittsburg can offer men in all conditions of life such values in suits as we offer at

\$5, 6 50, 8, 10.

DON'T THROW MONEY AWAY

by patronizing other dealers while this great sale is on. Come and see what money you can save by trading here. We know that few people can find time to talk or read about just now other than particulars of the horrible Johnstown disaster, but to those people—whether they be few or many—who are in want—immediate or prospective—of clothing do we address this announcement. To give you an idea of what the goods are that we offer at the above bargain prices it's necessary for them to be seen. You may be sure that we are not backward in our offerings. You may feel certain that for pure, unadulterated bargains you must come to us; the fountain head, the headquarters of the business, where everything is the BEST that cash can buy, and remember that you can always count on saving from \$2 to \$10 on your purchase of a suit. Every fold and wrinkle will be nicely pressed out of these suits and they'll be done up in a box and delivered to any address.

A FAIRY TALE, YET A SOLID FACT.

GUSKY'S GREAT ANNUAL JUNE SUIT SALE

one of such magnitude that it would be a moral impossibility for any clothing firm, not doing the vast amount of business we do, to sell such quantities at the prices we name and keep out of bankruptcy. While other dealers will be advancing all kinds of silly and improbable reasons for offering goods at impossible prices, we do what? Why, boldly tell the truth and tell the real why and wherefore of this great sale of ours. It is nothing more nor less than, despite our enormous business, we have too many suits on hand for this time of the year, and not being content to let time slip by unimproved we offer bargains which are to the bargain hunters simply irresistible—bargains which it is hardly necessary to say are only such as we can give. Is there a house in the whole of this country where sure bargains are obtainable? No! Is there a house in this country where such an assortment is given customers? Decidedly not! Now, we tell you plainly we defy the world with our suits at

\$12, 15, 18, 20.

GREAT JUNE SALE BOYS' CLOTHING.

Parents, if you are intending to buy clothing for your Boys this week would it not be a wise thing to go where the styles are the latest, the prices the lowest, the stock the largest? You will undoubtedly think this is just what you would like to do if you knew which one of the several establishments that seek your patronage is the BEST. If you are in doubt where to go, let us remind you that we have been in the clothing business for a quarter of a century, and at no period during that time have we had such an incomparably complete stock as our present one. Ours is not a musty, dingy old house, with a very limited assortment to select from. We mention three specialties by way of illustrating the phenomenal bargains to be found at this great sale: Short-Pant Suits, with or without vests, strictly all-wool goods, same qualities as you'd have to pay from \$5 to \$6 elsewhere, for \$3 50 only. Long-Pant Suits, all-wool goods, ticketed \$9 and \$10 by other dealers, for \$5 and \$6 only. Boys' Jersey Suits at \$2 25, \$2 75, \$3 25 and \$4, which you cannot get elsewhere under \$3 50 to \$5. With such substantial bargains as these do we intend to attract the bargain seekers' attention this week.

GREAT JUNE HAT SALE.

The time has now come to wear light-colored Derbys, Crush Hats and Straw Hats and we've got 'em of all kinds, all sizes, all qualities, and what is more we intend to astonish everybody with phenomenal bargains. We shall sell Straw Hats for Men at 24c, 39c, 49c, 65c and 74c, which are of good honest values at from 49c to \$1 50. Boys' and Children's Hats will go at all prices from 3c up to 98c, we particularize as special bargains the Hats we shall offer at 14c, 19c, 29c, 39c and 49c. Men's light-colored Derbys will go like hot cakes at 89c, 98c, \$1 24 and \$1 49, while the ever popular Crush Hats will be sold at 49c and 74c. Any one of the above is worth double the price you'll pay for it.

GREAT JUNE SHOE SALE.

And a hummer it'll be, sure. Here are but a few of the bargains you'll find. For Ladies: Elegant patent leather tipped Oxford Ties, worth \$2, for \$1 25. Elegant kid Oxford Ties, 98c. Kid Dress Shoes, \$1 25. Kid patent leather tipped button Shoes, \$1 49 only. Child's heeled Oxford Ties, 75c. Child's best spring heel Oxford Ties, hand-made, 99c. Misses' elegant Kid Oxford Ties, 99c. Misses' best hand-made Oxford Ties, \$1 25. Youth's baseball Shoes, 75c and 99c. Boys', 80c and \$1. Men's, 99c. Men's Dress Shoes, \$1 69. Men's genuine Kangaroo Southern Ties, \$3 only. Men's patent leather Oxford Ties, English Piccadilly style, \$3 only. You cannot do better than come and examine our stock.

GREAT JUNE SALE FURNISHING GOODS.

Talk is cheap indeed, but buyers of Furnishing Goods this week will find it not half as cheap as the goods they purchase. In nobly Neckwear we especially distinguish ourselves. We offer elegant Tecks and Four-in-hands for 24c only, all shades and colors and worth every cent of 50c. At the low price of 49c we are offering imported Doemest Flannel Shirts, in stripes and plaids, well worth \$1. At 74c and 98c we offer extraordinary values in fancy Flannels and we know same qualities can't be duplicated outside our store under \$1 and \$1 25. You should see our Otis Mills stripe Tennis Shirt for \$1 10 only. At \$1 49 we are offering an immense variety of imported Flannel Shirts in plaids and fancy stripes and we guarantee these goods will cost you elsewhere every penny of 20 per cent more money. For 39c only you can secure choice from a large assortment of good quality Doemest Flannel Blouse Waists, for Ladies and Children, and at 98c we offer an all-wool Jersey Blouse Waist, which is well worth \$1 50. We are great on Boys' Shirt Waists, Men's Dress and fancy Shirts, all kinds of Hosiery for Men and Boys, and we certainly expect to create intense excitement with our grand values in fine gauze imported French Balbriggan Shirts or Drawers at 89c only, these being regular \$1 25 goods.